

Merriman Colbert Harris

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Merriman Colbert Harris (July 9, 1846-May 8, 1921) was a Missionary Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, elected in 1904.

Contents

- 1 Birth and Family
- 2 Military Service and Education
- 3 Ordained Ministry and Missionary Service
- 4 Episcopal Ministry
- 5 Selected Writings
- 6 See also
- 7 References

Birth and Family

Merriman was born July 9, 1846 in Beallsville, Ohio, the son of Colbert and Catherine Elizabeth C. Harris. Merriman married Flora Best October 23, 1873. They had two daughters, Florence and Elizabeth.

Military Service and Education

Merriman served for three years as a soldier in the 12th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry in the American Civil War (1863–65), gaining the rank of Corporal.

Merriman attended the Washington Academy in Ohio, and the Harlem Springs Seminary. He then attended Scio College, earning the B.A. degree (1873) and the M.A. degree (1877) from Allegheny College.

Ordained Ministry and Missionary Service

Merriman entered the ministry of the Pittsburgh Annual Conference of the M.E. Church in 1869, serving as a Pastor and a Missionary. He was sent to Japan in 1873, and later he established Japanese missions on the Pacific Coast of the U.S. and in Hawaii. He became the Superintendent of Japanese Missions in San Francisco in 1886. He also served as Superintendent of all Pacific Coast Japanese Missions of his denomination, including the Hawaiian Islands, in 1890.

Episcopal Ministry

Merriman Colbert Harris was elected a Missionary Bishop by the 1904 General Conference of the M.E. Church. He was assigned Korea and Japan.

As a Missionary Bishop he served with distinction in Hawaii and Japan. He was twice decorated with

Protestant

Missions to the Pacific Islands



Background
Christianity
Protestantism
Missions timeline

Missionaries
South Pacific
Hawaii

Missionary agencies
London Missionary Society
American Board
Church Missionary Society
Baptist Missionary Society

the Order of the Sacred Treasure by the Emperor of Japan.

He died May 8, 1921 in Aoyama, Tokyo, Japan in a home given to him by the Japanese. He was buried in Aoyama as well.

Selected Writings

- Address: *Japanese Buddhism*, San Francisco, 1887. Typed, in *Methodist Bishops' Collection*.
- *Christianity in Japan*, 1907.
- *Save Korea*, Quarterly-Centennial Documents, 1910.
- Contributor, *Japan Proverbs*.
- Statement in *Competent Witnesses on Korea as a Mission Field*, Korea Documents, with others.

See also

- List of Bishops of the United Methodist Church

References

- Leete, Frederick DeLand, **Methodist Bishops**, Nashville, The Methodist Publishing House, 1948.
- **Methodism: Ohio Area (1812–1962)**, edited by John M. Versteeg, Litt.D., D.D. (Ohio Area Sesquicentennial Committee, 1962).
- Price, Carl F., Compiler and Editor: **Who's Who in American Methodism**, New York: E.B. Treat & Co., 1916.

Retrieved from "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Merriman_Colbert_Harris"

Categories: Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church | Union Army soldiers | People from Monroe County, Ohio | 1846 births | 1921 deaths | United States Army soldiers | Methodist writers | Methodist missionaries in Japan | American Christian missionaries | Christian missionaries in Hawaii | American expatriates in Japan | Burials in Japan

- This page was last modified on 6 January 2010 at 01:42.
- Text is available under the Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike License; additional terms may apply. See Terms of Use for details.
Wikipedia® is a registered trademark of the Wikimedia Foundation, Inc., a non-profit organization.

bishopric at the General Conference next month, he was shown special attention at the time of his departure for home. At Seoul, His Excellency Count Terauchi, gave a dinner in his honor and farewell meetings, almost without number, were held by all classes of people. His Korean friends gave him a magnificent silver loving cup as a token of their regard, and the Methodist missionaries presented him a beautiful alligator-skin travelling bag.

At Tokyo too, he was the recipient of very special honors. His Majesty, the Japanese Emperor, granted him the Second Class Order of the Rising Sun, a mark of very special esteem. This is the third time that Bishop Harris has been decorated. A great farewell banquet was attended by Foreign Minister Ishii, Baron Kaneko, Mr. Ebara of the House of Peers, Mr. Saburo Shimada, the President of the Diet, Mr. Guthrie, the American Ambassador, and many of the leading men of Tokyo of all classes. Many words of praise and esteem were spoken, but these men were not satisfied with mere words. As a more substantial token of their regard they presented him with a pleasant villa and garden located at Kamakura, the most attractive of the suburbs of Tokyo and Yokohama. He has always said that he would end his days among the people whom he has lived to serve and that he would lay his dust in Japan where his wife and only child are sleeping. But this last expression of love must have filled his cup of joy to overflowing. We unite with his Tokyo friends in hoping that he will live to spend many happy days in his new home, looking out over the broad Pacific which has played such a tragic part in his life, or off to peerless Fuji, which he loves like a true Japanese.

It was in 1873, or 43 years ago that he first came to Japan, one of a band of three, the first missionaries sent to this Empire by the Methodist Episcopal Church. He had served gallantly as a soldier in the Civil War and was a graduate of Allegheny College.

His work and life since that time can be roughly divided into three roads. During the early days he was stationed at Hakodate, in the north of Japan. For many years he performed the ordinary tasks of a missionary and did his part in planning and laying the foundations of Japanese Methodism.

The second period was spent on the Pacific coast where he served as Superintendent of the Oriental Mission work of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His kindness and sympathy made him beloved by all of the hundreds of ambitious young Japanese whom he assisted and with whom he came in touch in those days. To-day those same men are everywhere, many filling high positions, and they never forget him. To many he gave or lent money, but he told me one time that it all came back even doubled or trebled. During this period he did splendid service in interpreting that which is best in Japan to America and in maintaining the friendship between the two countries.

Twelve years ago he was elected Missionary Bishop for Japan and Korea. In Japan he found that the majority of the pastors and missionaries believed it wise to unite the Missions of the Methodist Episcopal,

South, the Canada Methodist and the Methodist Episcopal Churches and organize the independent Japan Methodist Church. Although this would take away from him the greater part of his territory, leaving only the Korea Mission, which was much smaller than now, he favored the movement because he believed it would advance the Kingdom of Christ. This union took place in 1907, but the Japanese at once made him Honorary Bishop and he assisted in the ordination of Bishop Honda and himself ordained Bishop Hiraiwa. During these years he has had charge of the foreign missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church left in Japan.

Of his work in Korea it would be presumptuous to write. The readers of this little magazine know more about it than does the writer. It is safe to say that he has done a work no other man living could have accomplished. To the officials he has been the trusted and faithful interpreter of Christianity and to the Korean Christians and missionaries the enthusiastic interpreter of the best in Japan. The Methodist Mission that was, has become a Conference with two ministerial and two lay delegates to the American General Conference; when he came, there was not a single ordained Korean, while now there are three or four who are serving as District Superintendents. Great gains have been registered in all departments of the work. Even though he resigns as Bishop, he will receive a hearty and sincere welcome whenever he can come to Chosen.

F. HERRON SMITH.

HOW I BECAME A MISSIONARY.

At the time of my birth my parents were living in an interior city of China, with no other foreigners within one hundred miles of them. From my earliest days my parents dedicated me to God for China, as they did each one of their eight children. We knew the fact, but no other influence was brought to bear on us to influence us in making a choice of lifework. Each had to face the question alone with God.

When only a few months old, my Father had to go with a preacher to a large city three days journey up the river to preach and distribute tracts at a great heathen festival which attracted many thousands yearly. He was having splendid success, the crowds were listening attentively, books were being sold and distributed in large numbers. Suddenly the impression was borne in on him that he was needed immediately at home, and that he must go. The preacher tried to dissuade him because of the unusual success that they were having, but my Father would not stay. He could not get a boat, so set out to walk. Walking night and day he arrived at the city only to find that the gates had just been closed. He waited outside the city and entered when the gates were opened at dawn of day. When he arrived home, he found my life almost gone. I had been taken suddenly ill, my mother did what she could for me, but the remedies would not work. She felt that my life depended

largely on getting my Father to me, as he had some medical knowledge. So she prayed that he might be sent home at once. He knew just what to do for me, my life was saved in answer to prayer, and once more my parents dedicated my life to China.

In those early days of danger we missionary children often knew what it was to go to bed with our clothes on that we might escape over the back wall to the magistrates yamen if the angry mob outside the compound, seeking for our lives, should succeed in getting in. One time a sudden downpour of rain scattered the mob, when our case seemed hopeless but for divine help. We would sometimes have to pass through mobs with stones in their hands ready to stone us, just waiting for a leader, humanly speaking only restrained by my Father's ability to joke with them and keep them amused as we passed through, or their interest enlisted in the little white haired foreign devils as they called us.

At ten years of age came the terrible time of separation from my parents when with two older brothers I was left at school in England, not to see them again until I was eighteen. Vacation times were very happy times, for God raised up many loving friends who did their best to Father and Mother the lonely children, so at those times the separation was not felt so keenly. But no one can take the place of her own mother to a girl, and it is this separation that so often makes missionary children bitter against missionary life. I think my Mother's letters were a large influence in keeping up my interest in China as a mission field. She told of the work, of the different friends among the Chinese who were looking and praying for our return, and of the great opportunities for life investment.

I was converted at fourteen years of age, and baptized when fifteen. The following year I began to give much thought as to what my life work was to be. I knew all about the hardships of missionary life; it was not all romance by any means. While I knew that it was what my parents would wish, yet I knew that I must find out if it was what God willed for me. I wanted to be led very definitely so that I might never have any doubts as to my calling.

Christmas 1898 was spent with some friends in Woodford, Essex. It was the place where my parents lived at one time, and while my friends worshipped at another church, when there, I always attended my old church and Sunday School. It so happened that the Church at that time was meeting in a large loft over a stable while certain building was being done. I went alone to the watch night service, and found that I had made a mistake in the time. The building was lighted and heated, but no one was there. I felt that it would be a good time and place to find out definitely from God what He wanted me to do with my life. I went to a back corner and spent the time in prayer, asking for clear leading as to what God wanted me to do. I told Him that I was willing to do anything that He wanted me to do, and that I was only waiting for Him to make clear to me what my life work was to be. As I prayed a voice came just as clear as possible "I want you to work for me in China." I jumped to my feet, looking around to see who had spoken,

as the voice was so clear, but there was no one to be seen. It was the voice of God. I then and there dedicated my life to China and the Chinese, asking God to fit me for my life work. I felt that I had received all that my soul needed, so slipped away home without waiting to see any one or attend the service. From that time on I did all I could to prepare myself for missionary work; taught in the Sunday School, worked in the Christian Endeavour, and worked up subscriptions for missionary magazines in the church. Even at that early I was often asked to speak on China at some small gathering, and never refused, feeling that it was part of my training, and that I could be helping China by so doing. God always helped me to overcome nervousness, and forget self.

My nineteenth birthday was spent on the Atlantic on the way to take special training at the Theological Seminary, Boston. I was married on my twentieth birthday and left for China a month later. Fourteen years of missionary life have brought many varied and hard experiences, but never for one moment have I doubted my call, or regretted that I was a missionary. While living in Korea, I still feel that my first call continues, and that it is the Chinese for whom God wishes me to work.

EDITH M. DEMING.

WHEN I GET TO AMERICA.

When my eight years entitle me to a furlough, and I get to America again, there are two things that I long to do, nay, three, and I dare you to surmise what they are. Deeply flowing are the currents of my desires, and they swell in volume and power as the time of my flight draws nigh. When my impatient feet touch the soil of my dear, native land, I shall admit of nothing more urgent than an immediate departure on my three-fold quest.

My first Mecca will be New York, in which I hope to attain the realization of eight years' tantalizing dreams. When we proudly steam up the bay, I shall be all eager and ready. I shall be standing in the prow with eyes glued upon the gradually unfolding vista of the distant metropolis. While fellow-passengers may be hysterically waving hats, handkerchiefs and arms at the guardian "Goddess," oblivious of all their excusable fervor, I shall be scanning the Battery for a sign that has haunted me these years with greater power than Miss Liberty possesses.

When the crunch of the tired ship against the long pier announces our arrival you will find me at the head of the throng pressing upon the gangway, the very first to be spilled down upon shore and out upon the noisy streets. With hurrying step and anxious mien I shall scan right and left for sight of my eight year's apparition. At last my search is rewarded. Bless my soul! There it is. At last—a banana cart. Yes, a real live Italian too! And the cart just creaking with *real* bananas. For eight years I have suffered of banana thirst like some desert wanderer

suffering for real water. Curses upon these imitation bananas that vex us here in Korea! Nothing less than abortive, withered, dwarfed, spotted, griping sagots that boast of the name "Banana" because of a slight family resemblance. For two years, with nose at half-mast, I passed them by. For two further years I condescended to debate upon their desirability, and for the rest of my terms I have been tempting an indulgent providence by eating of them.

But here is the real thing at last. I cannot constrain myself. "Yabo" I call to the man, "Irioso." The poor Italian not having shared my advantages with the noble Korean language wots not that I am imperiously addressing him. I compromise and cross over to him, pick up a bunch of twelve or thirteen plump, Florida bananas and in as polite Italian as I can muster under the eager circumstances, say thus; "How mucha da pricah? Huh?" He understands, he takes my money and then beamingly asks; "Wrappa in da papero?" "Annio" I lapse back into Korean again, only to briskly correct myself by levying upon still another language. "Nix cum rous, mein Herr. I mean to eat them, not mail them to my grandmother. Do you versteh?" He versteht. and I walk off with my prized bunch under my arms, unmindful of street etiquette, street traffic, street policeman, the Woolworth Building or anything else. I have come into my own. Sherlock Holmes could have traced me by the trail of yellow jackets that was left in my rear, even with his eyes goggled and his hands tied behind his back. Never again, you weazened, shameless, Korean banana. I am thru with you!

The second thing I am intending to do will be done further West, — in Chicago. I shall take the old Elevated, as I used to do in days gone by at "McCormick." I shall be one of the throng that alights at the Adams Street Station, and wends its way lakeward to the great temple of Music in the West, Orchestra Hall. I shall press boldly to the box-office, but unlike former penurious, student days, I shall speak up with decision and demand a seat on the main-floor, middle aisle, halfway down, or thereabouts. No "nigger-heaven" for me this time. No, siree! Eight years of "watchful-waiting" for this gala day, entitles me to a bit of extravagance.

I shall arrive early and stay late, and clamor for still more encores. I shall not look too closely to my emotions, but let them run riot if need be, just as the Thomas Orchestra plays upon my heart strings. I can almost hear them tuning up. The violinists are caressing their instruments. The cornetists and other hornblowers are warming up their lips. I can almost see the clarionetists sucking and preparing their dry reeds, tho all down below and out of sight. And now comes the muffled dum, dum of the kettle-drummer, as he tests the pitch of his artillery. Wonder if he is the same lobster that presided in years gone by, always so suave, unconscious of his red nose and florid give-away face.

The curtain rises. Yes, my red-nosed Dutchman is still at his old post. A brief wait and then in comes the conductor. An applause, a bow and short pause, then a tapping on his stand. He raises his baton, and brings it down with a crash, for the whole pack are off on the glori-

ous, thrilling "Introduction to the 3rd Act of Lohengrin." I unconsciously rise to my feet and am about to give a shout. But I collect my senses in time, think better of it and sit down, tho a bit abashed. What emotions will surge thru my breast. What sadness, what sweetness, what gentleness, what gaiety, what fury—all in turn will take possession of me, as that noble organization of skilled musicians will open the sanctuary of the dead and gone masters of music and lead me thru the exalted realms of melody and harmony. I know I shall make a spectacle of myself. I am quite sure I shall attract attention, but I shall not care.

I shall drink to the full and store up the crystal waters until the cistern overflows in tears. Eight years of listening to amateur missionary musicians! God bless their honest efforts. They did what they could, but it was too little. Eight years of canned music, better than nothing, to be sure, but hornless, spiritless stuff after all. Ah, I shall live years in those few brief hours at Orchestra Hall. Many a weary night in Korean hut, many a lonesome trek over Korean passes, many a tiresome jolt on Korean pony will be touched off with the brilliance of Orchestra Hall and made resonant with the reverberating echoes that I shall lock securely in my soul, never to escape.

Finally, I shall move further westward to a growing, large city, where labors valiantly, on behalf his God, an old warrior,—my father. His eye is not dim, nor his strength abated. Many years of service as pastor and preacher have left him tired tho dauntless. The old fire will be in his eyes and the old ring in his voice. I shall want to divest myself of clerical prerogatives and find a seat in the pew, and hear him preach once again. I shall become a child again and listen in fascination as he releases God's thunderbolts. He shall more than ever seem like Cromwell to me.

Then I yearn for the quiet family prayers. The evening prayers, when our large family shall gather around the throne of God as in days of yore. My earliest recollections of childhood go back to this source. My initial, holy aspirations were born in this Bethlehem. In later years, the very memories served to anchor my doubt-wracked mind. I have prayed many prayers, and shall pray many more. But God willing, I hope to taste the mysterious uplift of prayer at that blessed moment, more than ever before. I look forward to that privilege when I shall bend the knee with them and offer up my thanks. It will be a tender prayer, it will be a jubilant prayer, it will be a prayer of renewed consecration. There will be some mention of the spirit that waits us yonder. Of all my hearers, mother will be the most aware of its fragrance and power, for will she not be at the "receiving-end" of God's great "wireless"? I think God will bless us as never before, and our hearts will fuse under the glow of his Divine Spirit and melt together in one tough, unyielding band of eternal family affection. O family-altar, thou art my birthplace. Thou art my Guiding Star! To thee would I return once more and feel anew the spell of thy power.

All of these three things do I intend to do, if God be so graciously inclined to me.

JOHN J. JOHNS.

PROGRAM OF THE DEDICATION
OF THE
BOYS' BUILDING AND GYMNASIUM
ALSO THE
INSTALLATION OF THE GENERAL SECRETARY
AND THE
INTRODUCTION OF THE HONORARY DIRECTORS
OF THE
KOREAN CENTRAL YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
TO BE HELD
SATURDAY, MAY 6TH, 1916 AT 3 P.M.

1. National Anthem..... The Korean Band
2. Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow... Led by Ewa School
3. Opening Prayer..... Rev. E. M. Cable
4. Scripture Hon. Yu Sung Joon
5. Opening Remarks... The Chairman ... Rev. Hong Chong Sook
6. Dedication and Installation..... Rt. Rev. Bishop Trollope
7. Response and Introduction of Honorary Directors. Yun Chi-Ho
8. Response from the Honorary Directors. Chief Justice Watanabe
9. Music..... The Korean Band
10. Address, His Excellency, Count Terauchi, the Governor General
(By his Representative)
11. Presentation of the Keys in Behalf of the American Donors...
..... Hon. R. S. Miller,
American Consul General
12. Address in Behalf of the National Committee..... Mr. S. Niwa
13. Address in Behalf of the International Committee.....
..... Mr. G. S. Phelps
14. Address in Behalf of the Korean Gentry.....
..... Viscount Cho Joong Ung
15. Closing Prayer..... Dr. O. R. Avison.

ITINERATING ACCESSORIES.

III.

THE DONKEY.

The itinerating missionary is called to travel in all kinds of weather, over all kinds of roads and by all kinds of conveyances. The writer has had plenty of experience with all three of the genera mentioned above. For many years he itinerated in a very extensive field where, for him at least, walking from group to group was impracticable so it was only a question as to what manner of conveyance should be chosen. Some missionaries prefer "Shanks' mare," but the writer always considered that too poor and tiresome a steed for the long pilgrimages that he was compelled to make. He was not anxious to make a record for miles walked in a day or month. He knew that there were others in the country who could easily surpass any record that he might make along that line, so he gave up before trying. But he did feel that he could ride as far as the next man. He once walked a hundred "li" in one

day through the mud and snow and "swore" that he would never do it again and he has kept his oath. He preferred to conserve his strength for the work of the Lord instead of spending it on the road and then be in no condition to be of service in his ministry to the people to whom he was going.

I (the same as 'he' above) rode the pack for a few years, that being the customary method of travel in this part of the country when I made my advent. The long days of travel, the constant effort necessary to maintain one's equilibrium on all sorts of swaying steeds, and the frequent loss of said equilibrium when the "mapu" would suddenly stick a prick in the beast from behind without giving warning of his intentions either to the horse or his rider, thus resulting in the loss of my ministerial dignity as well as some highly prized epidermis, finally led me to seek some safer, saner and more comfortable method of locomotion. The bicycle was tried, but, after taking turns of riding and being ridden by the machine while dragging my weary steps through mud and slush, I abandoned these man made machines as being too dependent on the condition of the roads and weather and at length found the method that satisfied me for a decade.

His name was Jack. His voice was not musical nor his ears touchable. But for a decade he was the faithful, uncomplaining, ever-ready companion of my travels. The long hours necessarily spent on the road ceased to be a night-mare to me and I even looked forward to them with pleasure, and that, for one reason. His pace was so gentle that I discovered that I could read a book while riding along, without detriment to my eyes. Thereafter I saw very little of the country through which I passed as my eyes and mind were occupied with the book in my hands. I read history, biography, commentaries, magazines and studied languages, for several hours a day. It was, indeed, about the only time I got for general reading and mental improvement. I never kept a record of the number of volumes read in this way but the number was considerable each year. While at home or while visiting the churches there was and is always so much to do that very little time can be secured for general reading. And so it was that the former dreary hours in the saddle became a pleasure and means of self-improvement.

The only disadvantage that I found with the donkey was that he was not large enough to carry me over the mountain passes. But though he could not carry me over the mountains, and would always stop at the foot of a hill as if to invite me to dismount, and if I was slow about it, look around to see the reason for it, yet he was always willing to assist my upward progress by allowing me to hold on to his tail. This may seem to have been an imposition on the good nature of the beast but one is willing to take advantage of most any help when it comes to climbing those sky-scraping passes that so frequently impose themselves between one and one's objective.

The donkey is much easier to keep and therefore much more economical than the horse. If he casts a shoe somewhere out in the mountains it is easy to find a smith ready to shoe him whereas the same smith,

suffering for real water. Curses upon these imitation bananas that vex us here in Korea! Nothing less than abortive, withered, dwarfed, spotted, griping fagots that boast of the name "Banana" because of a slight family resemblance. For two years, with nose at half-mast, I passed them by. For two further years I condescended to debate upon their desirability, and for the rest of my terms I have been tempting an indulgent providence by eating of them.

But here is the real thing at last. I cannot constrain myself. "Yabo" I call to the man, "Irioso." The poor Italian not having shared my advantages with the noble Korean language wots not that I am imperiously addressing him. I compromise and cross over to him, pick up a bunch of twelve or thirteen plump, Florida bananas and in as polite Italian as I can muster under the eager circumstances, say thus; "How mucha da pricah? Huh?" He understands, he takes my money and then beamingly asks; "Wrappa in da papero?" "Annio" I lapse back into Korean again, only to briskly correct myself by levying upon still another language. "Nix cum rous, mein Herr. I mean to eat them, not mail them to my grandmother. Do you versteh?" He verstehs. and I walk off with my prized bunch under my arms, unmindful of street etiquette, street traffic, street policeman, the Woolworth Building or anything else. I have come into my own. Sherlock Holmes could have traced me by the trail of yellow jackets that was left in my rear, even with his eyes goggled and his hands tied behind his back. Never again, you weazened, shameless, Korean banana. I am thru with you!

The second thing I am intending to do will be done further West,— in Chicago. I shall take the old Elevated, as I used to do in days gone by at "McCormick." I shall be one of the throng that alights at the Adams Street Station, and wends its way lakeward to the great temple of Music in the West, Orchestra Hall. I shall press boldly to the box-office, but unlike former penurious, student days, I shall speak up with decision and demand a seat on the main-floor, middle aisle, halfway down, or thereabouts. No "nigger-heaven" for me this time. No, siree! Eight years of "watchful-waiting" for this gala day, entitles me to a bit of extravagance.

I shall arrive early and stay late, and clamor for still more encores. I shall not look too closely to my emotions, but let them run riot if need be, just as the Thomas Orchestra plays upon my heart strings. I can almost hear them tuning up. The violinists are caressing their instruments. The cornetists and other hornblowers are warming up their lips. I can almost see the clarionetists sucking and preparing their dry reeds, tho all down below and out of sight. And now comes the muffled dum, dum of the kettle-drummer, as he tests the pitch of his artillery. Wonder if he is the same lobster that presided in years gone by, always so suave, unconscious of his red nose and florid give-away face.

The curtain rises. Yes, my red-nosed Dutchman is still at his old post. A brief wait and then in comes the conductor. An applause, a bow and short pause, then a tapping on his stand. He raises his baton, and brings it down with a crash, for the whole pack are off on the glori-

ous, thrilling "Introduction to the 3rd Act of Lohengrin." I unconsciously rise to my feet and am about to give a shout. But I collect my senses in time, think better of it and sit down, tho a bit abashed. What emotions will surge thru my breast. What sadness, what sweetness, what gentleness, what gaiety, what fury—all in turn will take possession of me, as that noble organization of skilled musicians will open the sanctuary of the dead and gone masters of music and lead me thru the exalted realms of melody and harmony. I know I shall make a spectacle of myself. I am quite sure I shall attract attention, but I shall not care.

I shall drink to the full and store up the crystal waters until the cistern overflows in tears. Eight years of listening to amateur missionary musicians! God bless their honest efforts. They did what they could, but it was too little. Eight years of canned music, better than nothing, to be sure, but hornless, spiritless stuff after all. Ah, I shall live years in those few brief hours at Orchestra Hall. Many a weary night in Korean hut, many a lonesome trek over Korean passes, many a tiresome jolt on Korean pony will be touched off with the brilliance of Orchestra Hall and made resonant with the reverberating echoes that I shall lock securely in my soul, never to escape.

Finally, I shall move further westward to a growing, large city, where labors valiantly, on behalf his God, an old warrior,—my father. His eye is not dim, nor his strength abated. Many years of service as pastor and preacher have left him tired tho dauntless. The old fire will be in his eyes and the old ring in his voice. I shall want to divest myself of clerical prerogatives and find a seat in the pew, and hear him preach once again. I shall become a child again and listen in fascination as he releases God's thunderbolts. He shall more than ever seem like Cromwell to me.

Then I yearn for the quiet family prayers. The evening prayers, when our large family shall gather around the throne of God as in days of yore. My earliest recollections of childhood go back to this source. My initial, holy aspirations were born in this Bethlehem. In later years, the very memories served to anchor my doubt-wracked mind. I have prayed many prayers, and shall pray many more. But God willing, I hope to taste the mysterious uplift of prayer at that blessed moment, more than ever before. I look forward to that privilege when I shall bend the knee with them and offer up my thanks. It will be a tender prayer, it will be a jubilant prayer, it will be a prayer of renewed consecration. There will be some mention of the spirit that waits us yonder. Of all my hearers, mother will be the most aware of its fragrance and power, for will she not be at the "receiving-end" of God's great "wireless"? I think God will bless us as never before, and our hearts will fuse under the glow of his Divine Spirit and melt together in one tough, unyielding band of eternal family affection. O family-altar, thou art my birthplace. Thou art my Guiding Star! To thee would I return once more and feel anew the spell of thy power.

All of these three things do I intend to do, if God be so graciously inclined to me.

JOHN J. JOHNS.

THE WORK OF ONE AFTERNOON.

Last Saturday afternoon in company with my laundry woman I went out to visit some sick friends and to invite others to Sabbath services.

The first woman we visited is slowly dying of cancer. Although she has heard something of the Gospel a long time still she is not quite ready to yield all to her Lord. She seemed quite glad to have us pray with her and she said: "I have often looked up towards your house and wished you would come to see me." My conscience smote me for not having gone sooner for I think she was hungering for peace of soul which she hoped I might help her to obtain.

The second home we visited was a very poor home—it seemed little more than a bare shelter from the bitter cold. A rice pot, some little tables, two or three boxes and a little bedding composed the furniture of the room. Two families lived there and the men had no work. Three pinched little faces looked appealingly up to us while their mother told of her hardships and of her determination to be a Christian. She had mastered a small catechism she said and had taught the other woman to read.

Our next visit was into a better home. I did not know the parents but I had taught their little boy in Sunday School. His mother seemed delighted to see me and expressed many thanks for my kindness to her boy. She said she would like to be a Christian but then added in a whisper just what I have heard from the lips of many other Korean women: "my husband will not allow me to attend church."

In the next home were rank heathen and perfect strangers who stared at us and wondered what kind of a person I was and why I had come; nevertheless our invitation to church was kindly received and I hope the tracts we left may bring forth fruit.

We then visited some little girls whom I had known in Sunday School. The eldest of these had now become fourteen, about twelve by our count, and her mother said that because she had reached the age when she could no longer go out on the streets she could not attend Sunday School any more. Of course this was a heathen home.

More than a year ago I was out visiting one day and met a little girl who was in charge of her three year old baby brother whom she carried on her back or led by the hand as he chanced to demand of her. Smiling a "good morning" to them I received the same greeting in double measure and the little girl said: "Where are you going?" To which I replied that I had been to see a sick lady and was then on my way home. "My mother is sick" she said in a very impressive manner and I thought she invited a question so I said: "Where do you live and would your mother like me to visit her?" "Oh yes do come. I'll show you the road; but it is a long way for the lady to walk." As we made our way through the winding filthy alleys the little girl chatted freely and told me how her mother had never been able to walk since the arrival of this little brother and although she could do some sewing

she had to lie down much of the time. "And because I have had to cook and care for my little brother I have not yet learned to read" she added as we entered the humble home. The mother verified the truth of the child's words and expressed a great desire to be well that she might care for her little family. Her husband is a "crier" for a dry goods store. He stands near the building which is on a busy street and calls to the passers-by to buy goods. If he induces some one to buy he gets a per cent on the goods sold; but a failure to make a sale means no wages for the "crier." After some persuasion the woman agreed to be carried to one of our Christian hospitals where she remained some days and came home a much changed woman. So on last Saturday the sixth house we visited was the home of this lady who now claims to be well and able for all her work. She says she attends church every Sunday and that her heart is full of gratitude to God.

In some respects the seventh and last home was the most interesting. A father, mother and three children aged about twelve, ten and seven years composed the members of the family. They live in one little room eight by eight feet and here they do the work by which they earn their daily food. When we arrived the mother had just gone to do a little kindness for a sick neighbor; but she was quickly called and then we all sat on the floor and I tried to tell them something of the Gospel. As the father had been to church a few times it was not altogether new to them and they said my remarks were all true and very good but if they rested on the Sabbath they would certainly starve and how could a man see his little children starve? They make cigarette boxes at seven *sen* a thousand and when they work diligently the whole family can turn out three thousand a day thus earning about ten cents gold a day. To-day the father was making straw shoes for his boy and the mother must do the sewing, cooking and washing for the family so they cannot always work full time. But while we talked the little fingers found no time for rest as more than once the father called out; "Hurry up, hurry up. Don't you know you have no time to be idle?" Were this man physically strong he might get better work though there are many men in Seoul who are not earning so much as he.

Seven visits closed the work of the afternoon. Into every home we tried to carry some message from the Lord and with Him we leave the results of the day's labor.

MARY D. MOOSE.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE IN ITINERATING.

When I received this topic from our committee I was immediately suspicious of some little bird. It called up before my mind some scenes among the rocks and mountains of Mangsan, and others amidst the miry paddy fields outside the North gate of Yeng Byen. The committee has asked for facts and not theory. Complying with this request, in my case, means confession and not testimony; a warning rather than a setting

forth of an example. I cannot say with Paul, 'Contend with one another in imitating me,' but must rather say, "beware lest a like affliction overtake thee." Time and time again I have discovered my kinship to Peter the impulsive.

In the first place let us consider the things that tend to break down the spiritual life, the negative things, or as the biologist would put it, the catabolism of the itinerater's spirituality. When I first came to Korea I heard a number of people, who had been in this country long enough to know better, go into raptures over the beauty of the scenery and the joys of country travel. These people were usually women who had taken a trip or two with their husbands during the dry months of the year. After many thousands of miles in all kinds of weather, and on all kinds of four footed and two wheeled creatures, I have found the work of travel, with a few notable exceptions, either full of exasperations or exceedingly depressing experiences, according to the mount you are riding.

The physical conditions to be met call for a rugged body, but yet more do they test the ruggedness of the soul. The Lord has given me the rugged body. Alas! Would that my soul were as rugged! The crawling parasites and hopping pests so familiar to all who have tried the comforts of a kan floor, give me a wide birth; I can thrive on rice and kimchie; but the petty delays exasperate, and the long weary miles and the sunless days in the dark mud huts depress my soul. The irregularity of the life disturbs and robs me of my devotions, resulting in spiritual unpreparedness.

Notwithstanding the drain and strain on the itinerater's spiritual store there are experiences that inspire and uplift. There are June days and there are October days when it is a privilege to spend the day in God's big, bright, beautiful out-of-doors. When June speaks of the resurrection, Christ seems more real; whom October's splendor reminds us that old age as well as youth has its charms, heaven seems just a little nearer. It is a joy at the end of a long, tiresome journey to be able to feel able to realize that with all the dirt and darkness about us we are secure in the midst of friends who love us because they have learned of the love of our Christ. Another source of spiritual strength, is the earnest prayers that we hear offered in our behalf by the native brethren among whom we are travelling.

Yes, there are oases along the way, but one cannot depend upon them to supply the necessary spiritual food without giving thot to preparation for the thirst and heat of the desert road. I have found this figure of food and the dinner table misleading when applied to the question of spiritual preparedness in itinerating. When the morning devotions are neglected some little girl finds me warming my hands by the fire and I am taken off guard and my denial of my Lord is scarcely less vehement than that of Peter. But many times after a refreshing season at the morning watch, a punctured tire, a collision with a donkey, a sudden shower finds one out of touch with the source of spiritual power. It is said of Elijah that, "he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of

that food forty days and forty nights." We travel faster nowadays than Elijah did, so this figure fails us. We must seek a new figure of speech more fitting to our times. Even now as I read this paper I hear the rumble of the street car in the distance, and am reminded that as soon as the connection between that car and the power house is broken the car stops. It is constant touch with the source of spiritual power that is the all important thing for the one who wishes to meet every delay with a cheerful spirit. The morning watch brightens up the connections, but may leave the switch turned off. Nothing has impressed one more with the need of constantly watching and praying, of being instant in prayer, than the petty trials of itinerating. We can live along in the routine of the offices or class room with a perfunctory and formal observance of those things that are supposed to be for our spiritual good. Not so among the distractions and depressions of country travel. Nothing but a vital and continual fellowship of the spirit will keep me from denying my Lord. It is for this that I am seeking and praying.

VICTOR H. WACHS.

DEDICATION AND INSTALLATION AT KOREAN CENTRAL YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, SEOUL.

That a new era is just beginning for the Korean Central Young Men's Christian Association is the prophecy made by His Excellency Count Terauchi, the Governor General, in his address at the Dedication of the Boys' Building and Gymnasium and the installation of Hon. Yun Chi Ho as General Secretary.

His Excellency is well justified in his prophecy because the Association has not only a beautiful new three story building in which to carry on its work but has secured the man whom Dr. Mott has spoken of as the religious states man of the Far East to inspire and lead this vast undertaking of winning the young men of the city to Jesus Christ.

Mr. Yun is to have chief responsibility of this work which influences young men to become not only loyal citizens of the empire but faithful followers of Jesus Christ.

He assumes this task in the fulness of his powers and at a time of great opportunity with the hearty and united endorsement of the Koreans, Japanese, and Foreigners of the peninsula.

His acceptance of this position and the coöperation of the Honorary Directors from the Japanese Association gives an assurance of larger achievements and greater progress for the Association movement than it has ever had before.

F. M. BROCKMAN.

PROGRAM OF THE DEDICATION
OF THE
BOYS' BUILDING AND GYMNASIUM
ALSO THE
INSTALLATION OF THE GENERAL SECRETARY
AND THE
INTRODUCTION OF THE HONORARY DIRECTORS
OF THE
KOREAN CENTRAL YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
TO BE HELD
SATURDAY, MAY 6TH, 1916 AT 3 P.M.

1. National Anthem.....The Korean Band
2. Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow...Led by Ewa School
3. Opening Prayer.....Rev. E. M. Cable
4. ScriptureHon. Yu Sung Joon
5. Opening Remarks...The Chairman ...Rev. Hong Chong Sook
6. Dedication and Installation..... Rt. Rev. Bishop Trollope
7. Response and Introduction of Honorary Directors. Yun Chi-Ho
8. Response from the Honorary Directors. Chief Justice Watanabe
9. Music..... The Korean Band
10. Address, His Excellency, Count Terauchi, the Governor General
(By his Representative)
11. Presentation of the Keys in Behalf of the American Donors...
.....Hon. R. S. Miller,
American Consul General
12. Address in Behalf of the National Committee.....Mr. S. Niwa
13. Address in Behalf of the International Committee.....
.....Mr. G. S. Phelps
14. Address in Behalf of the Korean Gentry.....
.....Viscount Cho Joong Ung
15. Closing Prayer.....Dr. O. R. Avison.

ITINERATING ACCESSORIES.

III.

THE DONKEY.

The itinerating missionary is called to travel in all kinds of weather, over all kinds of roads and by all kinds of conveyances. The writer has had plenty of experience with all three of the genera mentioned above. For many years he itinerated in a very extensive field where, for him at least, walking from group to group was impracticable so it was only a question as to what manner of conveyance should be chosen. Some missionaries prefer "Shanks' mare," but the writer always considered that too poor and tiresome a steed for the long pilgrimages that he was compelled to make. He was not anxious to make a record for miles walked in a day or month. He knew that there were others in the country who could easily surpass any record that he might make along that line, so he gave up before trying. But he did feel that he could ride as far as the next man. He once walked a hundred "li" in one

day through the mud and snow and "swore" that he would never do it again and he has kept his oath. He preferred to conserve his strength for the work of the Lord instead of spending it on the road and then be in no condition to be of service in his ministry to the people to whom he was going.

I (the same as 'he' above) rode the pack for a few years, that being the customary method of travel in this part of the country when I made my advent. The long days of travel, the constant effort necessary to maintain one's equilibrium on all sorts of swaying steeds, and the frequent loss of said equilibrium when the "mapu" would suddenly stick a prick in the beast from behind without giving warning of his intentions either to the horse or his rider, thus resulting in the loss of my ministerial dignity as well as some highly prized epidermis, finally led me to seek some safer, saner and more comfortable method of locomotion. The bicycle was tried, but, after taking turns of riding and being ridden by the machine while dragging my weary steps through mud and slush, I abandoned these man made machines as being too dependent on the condition of the roads and weather and at length found the method that satisfied me for a decade.

His name was Jack. His voice was not musical nor his ears touchable. But for a decade he was the faithful, uncomplaining, ever-ready companion of my travels. The long hours necessarily spent on the road ceased to be a night-mare to me and I even looked forward to them with pleasure, and that, for one reason. His pace was so gentle that I discovered that I could read a book while riding along, without detriment to my eyes. Thereafter I saw very little of the country through which I passed as my eyes and mind were occupied with the book in my hands. I read history, biography, commentaries, magazines and studied languages, for several hours a day. It was, indeed, about the only time I got for general reading and mental improvement. I never kept a record of the number of volumes read in this way but the number was considerable each year. While at home or while visiting the churches there was and is always so much to do that very little time can be secured for general reading. And so it was that the former dreary hours in the saddle became a pleasure and means of self-improvement.

The only disadvantage that I found with the donkey was that he was not large enough to carry me over the mountain passes. But though he could not carry me over the mountains, and would always stop at the foot of a hill as if to invite me to dismount, and if I was slow about it, look around to see the reason for it, yet he was always willing to assist my upward progress by allowing me to hold on to his tail. This may seem to have been an imposition on the good nature of the beast but one is willing to take advantage of most any help when it comes to climbing those sky-scraping passes that so frequently impose themselves between one and one's objective.

The donkey is much easier to keep and therefore much more economical than the horse. If he casts a shoe somewhere out in the mountains it is easy to find a smith ready to shoe him whereas the same smith,

in nine cases out of ten, would not be prepared to shoe a horse. Never once in that decade, as I now remember, was I ever prevented from taking a trip or even delayed by reason of the unpreparedness of the donkey. Therefore as the daily companion of the itinerating missionary in his round of the churches, in all kinds of weather and over all roads, I would vote the blue ribbon to His Asinine Majesty.

CHAS. F. BERNHEISEL.

THINGS KOREAN.

I. GENESIS OF THE KOREAN PEOPLE.

Some one, years ago, accused the Koreans of being the Lost Ten Tribes. No one believes it but some of their customs would lead one to believe that perhaps centuries ago they had some contact with the whole Twelve Tribes. Note their Lunar First Month customs.

On the evening of the 14th of the First Month (Cf Lev 23:5) the night of the Passover (?) at midnight, they throw out from each house a little straw man, believing that if they do, all trouble due to come to them the next year will pass over to the little man. He is Korea's only Redeemer. If possible, they throw him out at a cross roads—at the Sign of the Cross. No one goes out that night. They lock the door, and stay indoors, even taking their shoes into their sleeping room. Before going in, they in Seoul tie a scarlet thread to the door knob. That night they eat bitter herbs.

Their Lunar first month is two months earlier than the Jewish First Month, but the name is the same. These customs far antedate the missionaries. Who taught them?

II. TWO BIBLE WOMEN SETTING THE PACE.

Two Biblewomen of my territory whom I sent out in December returned a few days ago reporting that they had held fourteen all-day Bible Classes of four days each. Between the places they travelled on foot carrying their blankets, an average of ten miles. On the way out they made 50 miles in two days, and several days they went 20 miles. One of them was not accustomed to walking, and her feet were blistered and bleeding the first night out, but she stayed by it to the end.

III. KOREAN LEPERS "GOING ONE BETTER."

There are 40000 lepers in Korea it is estimated. They live mostly in the lowlands of south Korea. There are two asylums for them, both financed by "The Mission to Lepers In India and the East," one is at Fusan and is managed under a Committee of the Australian and North-

ern Presbyterian Missions, and the other is under the Southern Presbyterian Mission at Kwang Ju.

On a recent visit to Kwang Ju, I went out to preach at the leper hospital. There are 122 patients, about 40 of them women.

The doctor asked me to give a lecture somewhat different from an ordinary sermon so I talked on Amos.

As we were going back home one of the women overtook us and said to me, "Pastor! Was Amos the father of the prophet Isaiah?" I wonder how many American Christians could answer that question. The names are the same in Korean. I had not even referred to Isaiah or his times in my talk. I had mentioned the golden calf supposed to have been the cause of Amos' prophecy. The woman asked also, "Was that the golden calf set up at Bethel by Jeroboam?" Can you answer that question?

The doctor says that the lepers study the Bible every possible moment. It isn't hard to believe it after hearing questions like that.

IV. "A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

The little five year old son of one of my Christians has learned to say grace at meals. Recently they had warmed-over rice for supper. When he sat down he at once began to eat. His father rebuked him for not saying his prayer. "Why! do you say grace over warmed-over food?" he asked. They had prayed over that food already once that day.

A Northern Pres. Evangelist.

V. THE WOMEN LEPER JOY-GIVERS.

Should anyone be slow in spiritual joy and enthusiasm a visit to the Leper Hospital at Kwang Ju is recommended as a tonic. The joy that radiates from some thirty faces one meets there, of women just out of despised heathen conditions, will convince the most skeptical that The Light of the World shines there. Divided into four classes, as they increase in their knowledge of the Scripture, these poor women study an assigned part of the Bible each week, and do it so thoroughly that they narrate the minutest details of the narrative in answer to interrogations on Sunday. One by one, Mr. Talmage has them stand and tell a part of the story, only interrupting to have the next take it up. Class No. 1 has reached the middle of I Samuel. No. 2 is not far behind, No. 3 is in Exodus, while the new comers are learning Acts of the Apostles.

These who have no hope and no cleanness for this world, have proven that a clean heart and a hope for eternity really give a joy and a life worth while. "My meat is meat indeed."

J. C. CRANE.

VI. FOLKLORE.—THE CRYING SEED.

We do not know whether botanists generally are aware that the tree scientifically known as the *Saphora Japonica*, if it lives three hundred years, will, from that time on, bear each year a "crying seed." Of course it bears thousands of seeds each year but only one of them will be able to cry. If anyone is so fortunate as to secure one of these and eat it, he will be ten times as bright as ordinary men. That is why Yun Hayng-in of the eighteenth century was such a remarkable scholar, and others might be named. But the trouble is that every year the magpies secure "the crying seed" and do not give us poor humans a chance. This is why the Koreans say that magpies have more sense than any other bird.

There is only one way to secure a "crying seed" and it takes time and patience. When the late summer comes and the seeds are forming, the tree must be covered with a net to keep the birds away. When the seeds are ripe they must be picked by hand with utmost care. Take them into a room, divide them into four parts, and put the separate parts into the four corners of the room. Just at midnight the "crying seed" will cry and you can tell which corner it is in. Throw away the seeds in the other three corners and on the following night divide the remaining seeds as before and listen for the cry. After a couple of weeks you will, by a process of elimination, discover which is the valuable seed, and having found it, swallow it immediately. You will never hear the end of it.

Korea Review.

THE KUNSAN MEN'S BIBLE INSTITUTE.

The Lord has begun to refresh us whereof we are glad. Notwithstanding the economic pressure that is bearing more and more heavily upon the Koreans, two hundred and thirty attended the Kunsan Men's Bible Institute. They furnished their own food and prepared it. The Mission furnished dormitory with light and fuel.

The earnest purpose of the men to seek God's favor was especially shown by their faithful attendance upon the prayer meeting held just before daybreak. Dr. W. L. Swallen who came to us from Pyeng Yang lead these meetings very effectively. Each of the six grades had three hours of instruction in the Scriptures. The evening meetings were of a more popular nature.

Judging from the show of hands daily family worship is generally held. The need of more and better Sunday Schools was emphasized and many indicated their purpose of working for the same. The "Day Contribution" amounted to 1022 days (*i.e.* week days to be devoted entirely to publishing the Gospel).

A framed photograph and a banner were given according to announcement to the church sending the largest number to the Institute. The zeal of the church sending the largest proportion of its male members

was also recognized in the same way. The banners are to be contested for annually. In the Leaders' Conference (Presbytery in embryo) which followed, many minor matters of administration received attention.

The questions on Mark's Gospel, given out last year, had been answered perfectly by four men. Questions on Luke's Gospel were given out. Now the men have gone back to face conditions in their homes and churches. May his grace be sufficient for them!

W. B. HARRISON.

QUESTIONS ON MARK'S GOSPEL, USED AT KUNSAN MEN'S BIBLE INSTITUTE.

1. Did Mark ever see Jesus?
2. How many kinds of parables are there in Mark?
3. How many kinds of miracles are there in Mark?
4. Who was it that ate grasshoppers?
5. How many lepers were cleansed?
6. Who slew John the Baptist?
7. Where and how long did the 5000 eat bread.
8. When did Jesus come walking over the water?
9. How many baskets were left after the 4000 were fed?
10. What do Christ's followers receive?
11. Who saw the Transfiguration?
12. What did Christ say about children?
13. When and where did Christ whip men with a cord?
14. Which is the great commandment in the law?
15. Where are we told of a man carrying a pitcher of water?
16. Who followed Jesus to Gethsemane?
17. Jesus was tried before what three men?
18. After the Crucifixion what was done with Christ's clothes?
19. What were the several sayings of Christ on the cross and which was the last?
20. What was Christ's last commandment?

CORRESPONDENCE.

Seoul, Korea, May 3rd, 1916.

My Dear MR. DE CAMP,

Printed Reports of all sorts come to our desks, and it is all too easy to put them aside to be read in the "more convenient season" that never comes. Anyone who does this with the 1915 Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society's work in Chosen will make a mistake. May I ask you to call the attention of readers of the "Korea Field" to it.

The book is itself a novelty, being printed on Korean paper, by Korean workmen, in the Industrial School of the Central Y.M.C.A. The illustrations are from Korean blocks, and are in the native style, which